

The contention of the two famous Houses,

And thou brother *Montague*, in Leistershire,
Buckingham and Northamptonshire shalt finde,
Men well inclinde to do what thou commands,
And thou braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy Countries muster vp thy friends.
My Soueraigne with his louing Cittizens,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Faire Lords take leaue, and stand not to reply,
Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farewell my *Hector*, my *Troies* true hope.

War. Farewel sweet Lords, lets meete at Couentry.

All. Agreed.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Edward and his traine.

Edw. Seize on the shamefac't *Henry*,
And once againe conuey him to the Tower,
Away with him, I will not heare him speake.
And now towards Couentry let vs bend our course,
To meete with *Warwicke* and his confederates.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Warwicke on the wals.

War. Where is the poste that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord, my honest fellow?

Oxf. poste. By this at *Daintry* marching hitherward.

War. Where is our brother *Montague*?

Where is the Poste that came from *Montague*?

Poste. I left him at *Donsmore* with his troopes.

War. Say *Summerfield*, where is my louing sonne?
And by thy guesse, how farre is *Clarence* hence?

Summer. At *Southam* my Lord I left him with
His force, and do expect him two houres hence.

War. Then *Oxford* is at hand, I heare his Drum.

Enter Edward and his power.

Glo. See brother, where the furlie *Warwicke* mans the wall.

War. O vnbid spight, is spotfull *Edward* come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That

of Yorke and Lancaster

That we could haue no newes of their repa

Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou be sorry

And call *Edward* king, and he will pardon t

War. Nay rather wilt thou draw thy for

Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee do

Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent?

And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Y

Glo. I had thought at least he would ha

Or did he make the icast against his will.

War. 'Twas *Warwicke* gaue the kingdo

Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by *War*

War. I, but thou art no *Atlas* for so a gre

And weakling, *Warwicke* takes his gift aga

Henry is my king, *Warwicke* his subiect.

Edw. I prethee gallant *Warwicke* tell me

What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alasse, that *Warwicke* had no more f

But whilst he sought to steale the single te

The king was finely fingred from the deck

You left poore *Henry* in the Bishops palla

And ten to one you'l meete him in the To

Edw. 'Tis euen so, and yet you are old W

War. O cheerefull colours, see where O

Enter Oxford, with drum and

Ox. Oxford, *Oxford*, for *Lancaster*.

Ed. The gates are open, see, they enter i

Lets follow them, and bid them battaile i

Glo. No, so some other might set vpon

Wee'l stay till all be entered, and then fol

Enter Somerset, with Drum and

Som. Somerset, *Somerset*, for *Lancaster*.

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of

Haue solde their liues vnto the house of

And thou shalt be the third, if my sword